

Hurt Locker (Main)

Xzibit

Welcome

All foreign passports to the left

All resident passports to the right

Ya dig? Welcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work

I got guns that knock you off of this earth

Stand up let yourself be heard, I ain't hear one word

I'm just bringing through what the crowd deserves Cause what you want that's what we got

Once things begin, my n**** it won't stop

Lock down your blocks lets flood the streets

Now welcome to the world of Mr. X to the ZMotherf***** I'm Back with a vengeance, back with the business

I'm a vet with a pension, a man with a vision

I'm a man on a mission, so crowd around listen

This that hardcore heavy head bang, you've been missing

Go to Defcon one, if you don't comply

I might explode like a meth lab, there is no rehab

B*****es need knee-pads, a pound of some Zig Zags

That last like Etta James, I'm back let the cage rap

Charles Bronson, visionary marksman

Heartless, Leave your intellect on your carpet

I don't really start s***, I just like to finish it

dismember with a hacksaw, getting rid of it

I'm so militant, you so Gilligan, killing it

Heard you want the coast on your back

Yo, be careful what you wish for, good luck with that

You could be found in your trunk, with your chest collapsed. Relax Welcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work

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Now welcome to the world of Mr. X to the ZMotherf***** I'm Made for the masses, chromed out classics

Block after block, when I park so Jurassic(?)

Cameras start flashing, everybody asking

Harassing, suck my d*** with six aspirins

That'll keep your head tight, back from the afterlife

Locked in my hurt locker, built up my appetite

You need your name in lights, when I just need a mic

And I can level any playing field, like a sheet of ice

It's going down like when you cuffed, and they read your rights
I'm going higher, better bail, if you're scared of heights
I'm ritual killing prepare for a sacrifice
Roll her like a pair a' dice, lounging in paradise
Jealous n****s want to feed, like a parasite
Burn leeches off with cigarettes, I just need a light
I been around, seen the press get it shut down
I'm stadium status, the crowd got to move NOW!!!Welcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work
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Now welcome to the world of Mr. X to the ZMotherf***** I'mA man dies once, a coward dies a thousand times
Your b***** a**es on nine hundred and ninety nine
You only got one more, you better make it last
Before a lay this hurt locker, to your fucking ass
Lock chop choppers, chop shop droppers
Fresh state to state, until the feds came knocking
Call us in the clutch, when your shows ain't popping
When your hoes ain't dropping, when your flows ain't rockingWelcome to my world of hurt, where I put in
work
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